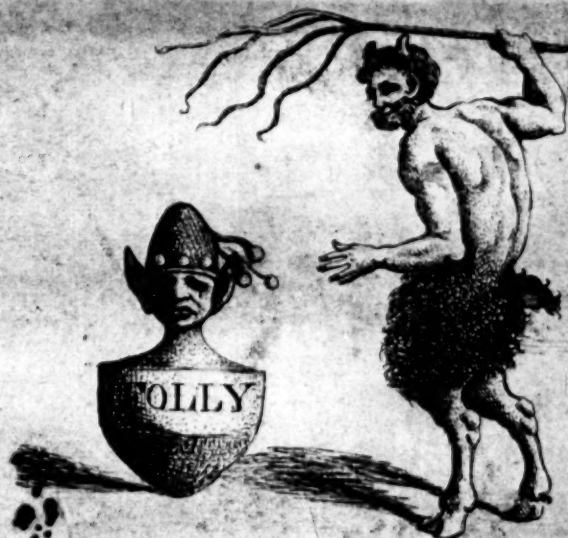


16  
THE  
CHILDREN OF THESPIS.

A  
P O E M.  
HARVARD  
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LIBRARY

By ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.



---

PART THE SECOND.

---

THE THIRD EDITION.

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*Plus apud me Ratio valebit, quam vulgi Opinio.*

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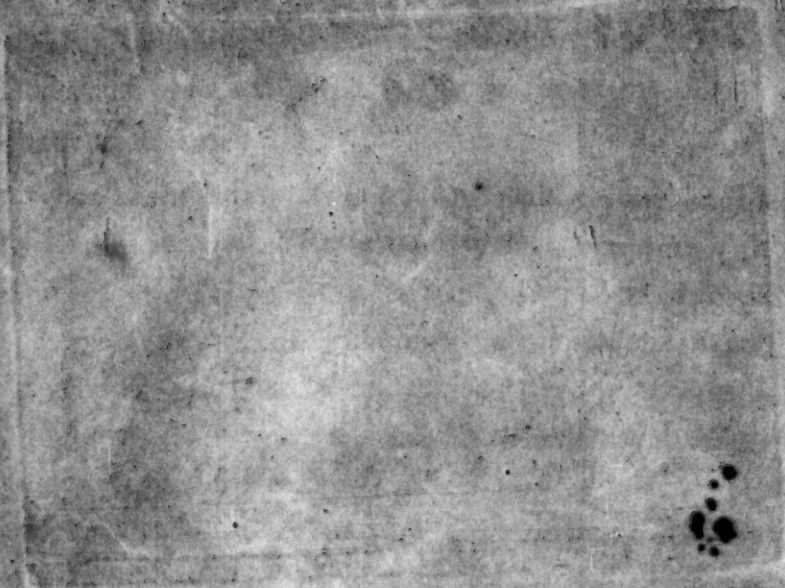
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УПАВН

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*Seven Lines*

T O  
WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

S I R,

**A**MID the innumerable objects of importance that must now engross your attention, permit me to lay a poetical trifle at your feet; I am perfectly aware that the subject is totally irrelative to those great points of information which you have studied, and cultivated with peculiar success.—The motives that influenced me to this measure were two:—first, because I was ambitious to offer you some amusement, by the effusions of an idle hour; and, secondly, by paying a public tribute of respect and veneration for your virtues, to fulfil the immediate injunctions of an excellent and valuable friend, now in the service of his country in India—a gentleman well acquainted with your administration in every stage; whose mind is intelligent and incorruptible, and whose approbation is co-equal to Honour; and though not altogether in possession of talents so brilliant and captivating as those of the EXEMPLARY Mr. SHERIDAN, is at least his compeer in the *immaterial* characteristics of INTEGRITY and COMMON HONESTY.—I should feel particular pain in reflecting upon your present situation, if I was not convinced that ARISTIDES and RUTILIUS felt equally with you the stings of dishonourable persecution; but after ages have completely rescued their memo-

B

rics

ries from that odium, which the vices of the times had permitted an ungenerous faction but too successfully to establish.—If this Poem should be read by Futurity, they will find that one man at least, in this degraded age, was sufficiently grateful to celebrate your virtues; virtues which belong to the FIRST ORDER of human beings; and though they elevate you far above the common classes of Society, it is to be lamented that they cannot shield you entirely from the unwholesome and contaminated gales of DETRACTION.

That you may be soon delivered from the oppression of all your enemies, by the united voice of an indignant people, is the ardent prayer of him, who has the honour to subscribe himself,

With great respect,

Your most obedient Servant,

INNER TEMPLE,  
FEBRUARY 10th, 1787.]

THE AUTHOR.



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

*WHEN I first undertook to write this Poem, it was with a thorough Contempt for the Opinion of those Persons, who have arrogated to themselves the high and mighty Title of Reviewers; and this Contempt originated from my having a perfect Acquaintance with the Vices and Weaknesses of the Men.—I know them to be Blockheads of the first Magnitude, envious and stupid, cowardly and corruptible. When a Man destitute of Feeling is fit for no other Purpose in Society, he may make a tolerable Executioner; so a literary Dunce, when denied the Advantages of Genius, may make a respectable Reviewer: the Requisites are Dulness and Malignity—the Ends, Profit and Dishonour. Their Interference with the Productions of Men of Wit, is a Circumstance of the highest Presumption, and somewhat like the Conduct of unprincipled old Maids; for though they have not sufficient Merit to win a Husband for themselves, they possess an adequate Portion of Ability to sully the Virtues of those who have; and equally praise or condemn the meritorious Lucubrations of a GIBBONS, or the vulgar trash of the egregious PETER PINDAR. One of these sagacious Gentlemen has thought proper to attribute the CHILDREN OF THESPIS to Mr. ANSTIE, or Mr. HAYLEY; but in that Circumstance he has not strengthened either my Pride or my Pleasure; those Gentlemen may be fashionable Rhymers, but are very far from being excellent Poets: their well-drest Productions, in the Shape of Poems, appear to me somewhat like an Ideot in Embroidery, gilt Gingerbread, or the Herald at Arms. A second allows that the Poem has many brilliant Passages, but is not equal in point of dramatic Intelligence to the ROSCIAD of CHURCHILL. A third acknowledges that I should make an admirable Satyrist, if I would but purge the Poem of three Expletives in almost as many Thousand Lines. A fourth, somewhat more sore than his Confederates, reproves me for attacking private Characters too indiscriminately.—I am not conscious that I deserve the charge.*

*I should be happy to regulate the Stage in regard to the present Usage of dramatic Authors; but the Attempt is too gigantic for me to undertake, and throws even Possibility at a Distance.—A literary Dunce in a Theatre, like a Bawd in Covent-Garden, commands a particular Degree of Homage from the Principal, though the common Offices of Respect are denied*



denied him by the rest of the Community: hence our DIEDINS, O'KEEFES, &c. are permitted to affright Common Sense from her Propriety; and the Majesty of Genius is thereby sacrificed to the Caprice and Insolence of those scenic Despots, who proportion their Favours according to the Suggestions of their Vices, and encourage the Propagation of Dulness, from a Spirit of Veneration and Sympathy.

The great Success which attended the former Part of this Publication, rather astonishes me, when I reflect that "the Times are out of Joint," and all Mankind divided into Parties; every Thing is dedicated to that Pursuit, and the Servants of the Muses wade in the polluted Stream: When an ill-written Abortion of the Brain makes its hideous Appearance to strengthen the indirect Purposes of Government, or Opposition, a thousand Animals are let loose to yelp it into Reputation, although it would have passed disregarded and despised, if unaided by such meretricious Measures.—For my own Part, I ought to tremble for the Reputation and Safety of all my CHILDREN, who publicly profess myself an Enemy to the very Idea of Party, and a determined Foe to all the Miscreants adhering to either.—This Declaration, though perfectly honest, is somewhat rash; for the Host is too numerous to be treated with Contempt, even by—A HERCULES.

To avoid the Imputation of Plagiarism, I confess that I have borrowed some few Passages of the CHILDREN of THESPIS from that justly celebrated Poem, La Declamation Theatrale, by Dorat; and, contrary to the established Customs of Society, have thought it expedient to acknowledge myself a THIEF, for the Preservation of—my CHARACTER.

THE

# CHILDREN OF THESPIS.

PART THE SECOND.

**E**NRAG'D and revil'd, old DOWAGER DRURY  
Reflected and smil'd, as she fetter'd her fury :  
Tho' anger'd and vex'd by the NYMPH of the GARDEN,  
She thought of her youth, and extended her pardon ;  
Nor fought by base taunts to condemn or deride,  
For her Wit and her Years had corrected her pride :  
But feeling compassion, imbitter'd with woe,  
Thus bade the sweet streams of experience flow :

Of old, when young ladies offended good manners,  
Their peers left their elbows, the men fled their banners ;  
But, thanks to the impulse of high-born refinement,  
Each spinster now laughs at the chains of confinement :  
No parents are lab'ring by coercive measures  
To fashion the thought, or give laws to their pleasures.  
Hence daily the torments Propriety feels,  
As tittering girls tread on Decency's heels.—  
When I was a virgin, young, callow, and bland,  
Then Wisdom and Prudence were known in the land ;  
The girls of that æra were beauteous and good,  
And drank no French wines to give warmth to their blood :

They



They knew not the magic that lurks 'neath a sigh,  
 But trembled at folly, and blush'd at a lie;  
 Tho' men were more willing, and husbands more plenty,  
 We thought not of love 'till at least five and twenty:  
 But now every minx, when she gets in her teens,  
 Well knows what the mystical union means,  
 Rejects the advice of her elders with scorn,  
 And loves and coquets ere her passions are born.

But a truce with resentment, our failings we'll smother,  
 Nor kindle a flame to consume but—each other;  
 You've sung of my household in terms of severity;  
 But I pity your warmth, and excuse your asperity:  
 As our interests are mutual, we'll bury our rage,  
 And strive to restore Common Sense to the stage;  
 As the nymph has been banish'd by sturdy Pollution,  
 Be it ours to raise a renown'd revolution.—

As the kings of the drama Apollo reviews,  
 He pities mankind, and he mourns for each muse;  
 A lascivious prostitute governs the *first*,  
 And Faction and Fraud has *another* accurst:  
 The black traits of Lunacy sicken a *third*,  
 And Dotage and Dulness make *tother* absurd;  
 From such an assemblage of vice and deformity,  
 Can aught be expected but ills and enormity?  
 Alas! that such follies should riot unchain'd,  
 Or Ideots rule where a Titus has reign'd:  
 To shew their base spendor in Reason's despight,  
 And annoy human kind, they rush forth to the light;  
 Like the bird of Minerva at Sol's torrid rays,  
 'Till their sense is oppress'd, and they wink at the blaze:

Thus



Thus Pride draws them on, as scent leads the beagle,  
And Scorn draws a line 'twixt the owl and the eagle.

S\*\*\*\*\*  
*Heridan*

The Fates warr'd with Reason, when S\*\*\*\*\* sprung,  
Like a fungus erect, from Hibernian dung;  
When Pallas obey'd the behest of her fire,  
And touch'd his young brain with Athenian fire.  
The Piërian malds led the youths in despite,  
To the hill of Parnassus, and font of delight;  
Where Phœbus his dogmas was wont to rehearse,  
And shew'd him the force and the beauties of verse;  
Fed his mind with large draughts from their translucent spring,  
And taught him the arts that made Sophocles sing.

Tho' a one-headed Cerberus, he's destin'd by fate,  
To watch o'er the interests of drama and state;  
Now Policy, hideous witch, wakes her charms,  
To woo the equivocal wight to her arms;  
She veils the fine sense of her retrograde suitor,  
Deludes him with *shadows*, and points to the *future*:  
Now the Muse, like a whore, spreads her arts of seduction,  
And urges poor Dick for a comic production:  
Now he writes bitter anti-amicable hints,  
For the Minister's good, in the scandalous prints;  
Then fabricates odes for the dull and the stupid,  
Then strings pretty verses for EMMA CREWE'S Cupid;  
And lives but a sorrowful standard at best,  
To prove Genius a bubble, and Wisdom a jest;  
Aameleon statesman, endu'd with strange powers,  
To seize every hue, and those hues at all hours;

With

With talents that call'd human kind to admire,  
 With morals that slew the repose of his fire :  
 Deforming the features of antient belief,  
 He murder'd his faith to be true to his Chief ;  
 And blotted eternity's blifs from his creed,  
 To unfetter his language in moments of need ;  
 Like an Epicæne animal form'd for deception,  
 His worth is an instance that staggers perception.  
 What he is, or is not, is a point in dispute,  
 Propose what you will, and 'tis BRINSLEY can do't.  
 So fit for all things, yet, alas ! fit for none,  
*Continually doing, yet always undone.*  
 So beckon'd by Hope, yet by Hope so oft cheated,  
*For ever contending, yet ever defeated ;*  
 By much too sincere for a good politician,  
 Too eccentric to make a sound Mathematician :  
 Too proud for attendance, too vain to beseech,  
 Too poor to be happy, too candid to preach :  
 Thus he swims in a strange indeterminate mean,  
 Neither hallow'd nor damn'd, but betwixt and between.  
 When Genius essays to effect his conversion,  
 Attachments obtrude, and defeat the exertion ;  
 Though Satire has arm'd him to regulate men,  
 Young Gratitude draws all the ink from his pen :  
 If to lacerate Folly, he wings the keen dart,  
 It wounds his *best friend* in the core of his heart ;  
 If levelling at Vice he his archery tries,  
 By the arrow transfix'd, an *ex-minister* dies ;—  
 But if Credit should frown, as the minx sometimes will,  
 When varlets forget the amount of a bill ;  
 His godmother Pleasantry shew'd the young sinner  
 The art to make sure of his claret and dinner.

She



She taught him soft nothings, attractive though silly,  
To amuse the kind hostess of gay Piccadilly;  
To humour his Grace with a jest or a story,  
And paint the contour of a WHIG and a TORY.

When he visited Fortune, the wench most uncivil,  
Sent him and his suite to CHARLES FOX or the DEVIL;  
He wept, he beseech'd, he bemoan'd, he lament'd,  
'Till chill'd by her mien left the house discontented.  
Then, what could he do, though presuming and clever,  
As the firm of that house are made bankrupts for—ever?  
E'en the children of Israel weep with their woe,  
And shrug if you mention—VOLPONE and Co.  
Thus DICK is oppress'd in his efforts to court her,  
For the nymph shuts her gates, and he can't bribe the porter.

'Tis said that she once lov'd the indirect youth,  
Ere evil associates had led him from Truth;  
She saw him deluded, and pitied his blindness,  
And woo'd him with smiles, and embrac'd him with kindness;  
But he like a dolt with her quiet disported,  
Abus'd her remonstrance, and scoff'd when she courted;  
'Till stung and enrag'd, hapless, mad and forlorn,  
The dignified wench felt the pressure of scorn,  
And imbibing that hatred the Dramatist taught her,  
Consign'd the proud fool to the care of her daughter:  
For as ladies forgive not contemptuous flights,  
She frowns on his toils, if he speaks or indites;  
Pre-damns all his essays in verse and in prose,  
And yields him a victim to merciless foes.—

The Demon of guilt saw his weakness with rapture,  
And open'd her volumes, and shew'd the first chapter;

He



He read and approv'd what the prostitute taught,  
 'Till the harpy assum'd all the compass of thought;  
 When doubts rose to combat a folly new born,  
 Expedience chas'd them like dews from the morn;  
 And leagu'd with Necessity's hideous train,  
 Explor'd a wide passage which led to his brain,  
 There the Fiend threw the governing habits upon her,  
 And Meanness crept in, and polluted his honour.

Created to live in Society's school,  
 As the mark of perfection, and bane of a fool,  
 It mads me to see so much genius and merit  
 Metaphors'd by Pride to a PETULANT FERRET,  
 Which CHARLES drags about with a SINISTER CHAIN,  
 To drive the POLITICAL RATS from the GRAIN.

The sceptre of Drury has known many masters,  
 Like the throne of Warsaw, it seems fraught with disasters;  
 In all points of government weak and defective;  
 But that realm must decay where the crown is elective;  
 When the BUFFOS of Statesmen, and such couchant things,  
 By fraud and manœuvre can rise tragic kings;  
 When brainless MUSICIANS can figure in story,  
 And like DAVID RIZZIO debase regal glory.

# L A C Y.

Behold wretched LACY, the sport of his foes,  
 Depress'd by his thought, and surrounded with woes:  
 See he fondly returns to indulge the last view  
 Of his father's domains, ere he bids them adieu;  
 Thus STUART deplor'd his extreme degradation,  
 And pin'd with the weakness that lost him a nation—

With

With an excellent heart, and a credulous head,  
 The man is affectionate, kind, and well-bred ;  
 But the source that gave strength to that kindness is o'er,  
 And the joys of his heart and his head are no more.  
 The slow worm of Sorrow corrodes on the first,  
 And the sting of reflection the latter has curst.  
 If question'd the cause of his woes and decay,  
 'Tis answer'd, Such ills mark the course of each day.  
 UNPRINCIPLED VARLETS, unblest'd with a guinea,  
 Have seiz'd on his rent-roll, and laugh at the ninny ;  
 But Destiny's womb strange events dissembogues,  
 And FIDLERs and WITs may be—eminent rogues.

But the World is a lott'ry that Wisdom despises,  
 Where ideots and rascals alone draw the prizes ;  
 Where titles and pomp are decreed but to boobies,  
 And MIDDLETON bends with the weight of her rubies.  
 Go search after Virtue, you'll find how they scorn her ;  
 Despis'd, and half famish'd, she mourns in a corner ;  
 As BORGHS and MARAS are gathering pelf,  
 And ABEL remains unexplor'd on the shelf ;  
 Tho' his merit by Wit has long since been decided,  
 His harp sleeps unstrung, and Apollo's derided—  
 But Reason's deceas'd when such animals thrive,  
 For such acts could not be, if the maid was alive.  
 See DANCE in a phrenzy those records destroy,  
 Which establish'd his honour, his worth, and his joy.  
 'Twas his *works*, not his *tongue*, caught the high-mettl'd dame,  
 Who gave him her fortune, and murder'd his fame.  
 If he imitates Virgil, his brains are unwitting ;  
 If Pride mads his Judgment, the fool must be pitied.

E

Mrs.



## MRS. ABINGTON.

Led on by Thalia, with dignified mien,  
 Behold sportive Fashion's superlative queen;  
 Illustrious ABINGTON stamp't at her birth  
 The touchstone of splendor; and daughter of Mirth;  
 A barrier which Elegance rais'd in our days,  
 To stop the wild progress of barbarous ways;  
 Like the Belgian dykes all their force to withstand;  
 And shut out their ruinous streams from the land.  
 Ere Taste can establish her motley dominion,  
 She resorts to gay FRANCES to know her opinion,  
 And supplicates ABINGTON every season,  
 For her smiles as a passport to visit our reason.  
 Like a pine tall and straight she approaches the skies,  
 But her height awakes Envy to question her size,  
 And subjects her form to each poisonous gale  
 Which escapes the low brambles that creep in the vale:

That bard's doubly blest in Elysium's gay bowers,  
 Whose wit-woven scenes are illum'd by her powers;  
 There CONGREVE beholds, proud, elate, and delighted;  
 New graces beyond what his pen has indited:  
 Then his wit, like some knives in the Birmingham trade,  
 Is valued much more for the handle than blade;  
 And her system of sense, makes so pleasing a whole,  
 That her mind seems divine, and her body all foul.  
 In arch ESTIFANIA, sublim'd and refin'd,  
 She moves and attempers the springs of the mind,  
 Gives new point to the jest, as it flies on the wing,  
 Adds force to its vigour, and sharpens its sting;  
 With a veil of delusion conceals her sad case,  
 And gulls her good man with an excellent grace.

She



She spreads comic salt o'er her moods and her senses,  
 Which, like spices in soup hide the meat from our senses;  
 But our lips hail with rapture such pleasant expedients,  
 And smack and re-smack with the zest of ingredients.  
 In prating *Soubrettes* she defies competition;  
 In the broad paths of fashion adds ease to condition.  
 From the gay well-bred CHARLOTTE, in Cibber's light page,  
 To the pert ROXALANA that gladdens the stage;  
 From the high-season'd slices of BEAUMONT's sirloin,  
 To the witless *bon mots* of the studious BURGOYNE.  
 When she sinks into PHILLIS, her high polish'd mind  
 Seems cramp't and coerc'd, debas'd, and confin'd:  
 Like a valuable pearl in the womb of an oyster,  
 Or MADAME VICTOIRE in the cells of a cloister;  
 Or ALFRED when eating his soup with a hind,  
 Contracting the scale of his patriot mind,  
 To hide from the peasant his cares and his crosses;  
 Or thundering JOVE when the guest of poor BAUCIS:  
 Or APOLLO when scoff'd by the base-born DAMETAS,  
 Or the pimp of the skies, when the herd of ADMETUS;  
 Or Imperial JOSEPH when searching for knowledge,  
 Made mankind his books, the Creation his college:  
 And mounting his eagle explor'd the wide fields,  
 Where the priest-ridden bigot his sophistry yields;  
 And gathering joys made BOHEMIA sing,  
 That the rays of the man, dim'd the beams of the king.

Like St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, appears this bright woman,  
 The aspect is plain, but the structure's uncommon;  
 Tho' the traits of a rude simple skill on its face is,  
 Examine the pile, and you'll find out new graces:  
 But the elegant INIGO gewgaws despis'd,  
 And the temple, tho' plain, is but greatness disguis'd.

She gracefully trips on Propriety's toe,  
 And walks, talks, and triumphs at will *comme il faut*;  
 The bosom of Feeling with truth she impresses,  
 And steals all our senses ; but, stealing them, blesses.  
 The vigils of Falshood, and all her base train,  
 Have fail'd to embitter her moments with pain ;  
 Array'd with the armour of Peace round her heart,  
 She smiles at Contumely's venomous dart ;  
 Shakes the habits of Hatred with scorn from her mind,  
 And like Taurus' high forehead looks down on mankind.  
 What was worthless before, she makes brilliant and gay,  
 Like a Lincolnshire fen on a sunshiny day ;  
 Or IERNE's Vice-queen in an *Eblanian Noddy*,  
 Or apparel that graces a villanous body ;  
 I mean not an idiot unmeaning and tawdry,  
 But a Jew, or a strumpet in silks or embroid'ry.

Her face like the Vatican, gaudy and gay,  
 Seems fashion'd by Art to lead Judgment astray ;  
 Where warm Admiration rejects the *fine building*,  
 And turns to contemplate the *painting* and *gilding*.  
 With the eye of my mind I behold angry men,  
 Who frown at this licence I give to my pen ;  
 " Shall a scribbler compare," roars an ill-manner'd sage,  
 " The Prince of design with a minx of the stage ?  
 " Has Dignity lost all her influence on earth,  
 " Shall the high race of Genius be tortur'd by mirth !"—  
 Rest in peace, my good friend, for I still am victorious,  
 If RAPHAEL was beatified, ABINGTON's glorious ;  
 Still the parity's good with the youth of Urbino,  
 Tho' her lips are but mortal, her eyes are—*divino*.

Like



Like a wond'rous magician she sports with our being,  
 And turns into doubt e'en the act that we're seeing;  
 With poignant impertinence marks her whole face,  
 And says brilliant nothings with infinite grace;  
 As her comely *proboscis* enforces the strain,  
 And illustrates the tenets of lofty Disdain.

Irresistible Fate, to her character kind,  
 But steals from her dimples—to add to her mind;  
 If her beauties recede, yet shall Envy confess,  
 That to add to the greater he takes from the less:  
 So governing Jove calls the streams into motion,  
 And empties the river, to strengthen the ocean:  
 Like NINON DE L'ENCLOS, the elegant dame,  
 Can charm human-kind by her wit or her frame;  
 She gracefully parries the evils of Time,  
 And the older she grows, is the more in her prime;  
 For Merit shall court her, and Foplings implore,  
 When her ringlets are ting'd with the dyes of threescore.

### MR. MACKLIN.

Revere sturdy MACKLIN, the dramatic fire;  
 For nor age nor disease can extinguish his fire;  
 Like an evergreen sent, as a rare vernal treasure,  
 Tho' he blooms all the year, all the year gives us pleasure.  
 Innately convine'd of his strength and capacity,  
 Like a giant mid pigmies, he crushes Audacity;  
 For pigmies in knowledge this Nestor will deem us,  
 And roars and corrects like a stage Polyphemus;  
 Tells the younglings how ROSCIUS excell'd but by rule,  
 Chalks the outlines of Truth, and defends the old School.

F

When

When MACKLIN was form'd, the Almighty intended,  
 Human-clay with empyreal air should be blended;  
 Disportive he laughs at the toils of the day,  
 And doubts if our senses were made to decay:  
 See rejuvenated and blythsome he stands,  
 With the drama, as God held the seas in his hands;  
 If Envy could wield th' artillery of Fate,  
 He'd still be triumphant, and dare to be great.  
 Surrounded by shrubs on the theatric bed,  
 The veteran raises his laurel-bound head;  
 Like the oak of the forest, he lifts his stern form,  
 With the brow of a monarch, and smiles at the storm;  
 Unriv'd by the thunder of Malice or Meanness,  
 He still is majestic, tho' robb'd of his greenness;  
 And wounded by many a critical scar,  
 Like the tempest-torn hulk of an old Man of War.

With singular faculties blest and endued,  
 The interests of Honour he mark'd and pursued;  
 For Fate to his wishes indulgently kind,  
 Infus'd an additional beam in his mind;  
 Made his ideas vast, comprehensive and clear,  
 His manners august, and his language sincere;  
 He foster'd his aims with particular pride,  
 As ductile Philosophy walk'd by his side;  
 The elegant Sciences marshall'd his rage,  
 And Wit and Vivacity brighten'd his page.  
 Like brilliant SAINT EVREMOND, lively and gay,  
 He laughs as the streams of his life flow away;  
 Illustrates our worth in a being well spent,  
 And, searching for Truth, gathers bliss and content;  
 In



In the niches of second Adolescence plac'd,  
 By the finger of Heaven his system's new brac'd;  
 And well h'as fulfill'd the intent of the plan,  
 Who was meant by his God as—the type of a man—  
 In blood-thirsty SHYLOCK, sublimely infernal,  
 He bares ghastly Vice, and exposes the kernel;  
 And so well clears the text of the moralist's pen,  
 That the head asks the heart if such villains are men:  
 So perfect the Actor can damn and dissemble,  
 Could SHAKESPEARE behold him, e'en SHAKESPEARE would tremble,  
 Like the Eddystone pillar, his excellence braves  
 The rude dashing foam of the critical waves;  
 Uprais'd on a rock for the general good,  
 To guide the weak bark thro' the dangerous flood;  
 As his head firm and giddiless keeps its high station,  
 Emitting new lights on the stage navigation.

Ere he means to resign him to Death's awful sleep,  
 In the year eighteen hundred he'll first take a peep;  
 To prune each excrescence of Vice from the nation,  
 And fix the pursuits of a young generation;  
 Introduce them to Fame, shew the false from the true,  
 And then to the World and its jars bid adieu.

Superior to censure the veteran wrote;  
 But Censors are things that but cavil and quote;  
 They torture the truth like the essays of BEATTIE,  
 Or Statesmen defining the Methuen treaty;  
 Or scandalous GRAHAM's fallacious deductions,  
 Or pitiful GORDON's erroneous constructions:  
 Hence SHAKESPEARE is mangl'd by weak commentators,  
 Who gore his fine form like absurd nomenclators;

Affix

Affix to each page a dull marginal note,  
 And expound on a text that the bard—never wrote.  
 But Pride governs all; in their various ways,  
 'Tis the prejudice speaks, and the prejudice sways:  
 Men argue and write, as French cooks make their dishes,  
 And blend fact with falshood to compass their wishes.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

In the caves of Neglect see poor CRAWFORD retir'd,  
 To end a frail being abridg'd and bemir'd;  
 Lo! her time-whiten'd head is disrob'd of those bays  
 That solac'd and warm'd her in happier days;  
 See the violets droop that once sweeten'd the air,  
 And the yews mark the place as the den of Despair;  
 For briars and thorns every avenue closes,  
 That Nature once dress'd with her myrtles and roses.  
 Say, what was the cause that, destroying her powers,  
 Made life's chilly evening imbitter her hours?  
 'Twas vicious desires gave birth to her pains,  
 They govern'd the Woman, and liv'd in her veins;  
 Betray'd her to Sorrow and fell Desperation,  
 And shook like an earthquake her high reputation.  
 To tell what she *was*, but offends recollection,  
 To tell what she *is*, gives a wound to affection.  
 Even History shrinks when decreed to portray  
 The last hapless moments when SWIFT met decay;  
 Tho' both those examples have triumph'd and been,  
 Their end proves we perish by Fate and by Sin:—  
 By the force of free-agency CRAWFORD has pin'd,  
 And the pressure of Wit cut off SWIFT from mankind;

Tho'



Tho' both have been tortur'd by Misery's rod,  
The *first* sunk by Folly, the *last* by his God.

In the whirlwind of Passion, tho' furious and warm,  
The force of her judgment gave laws to the storm;  
She rov'd the dominions of human ability,  
But stopt on the verge ere she pass'd possibility:  
In piteous EUPHRASIA she issued her moan,  
'Till Melpomene trembled, and wept on her throne;  
Commanded the suite of Despair in her face,  
And murder'd the tyrant with terrible Grace;  
Tho' SIDDONS' high majesty knew not her mind,  
Her action was excellent, just and refin'd;  
With the numbers of OTWAY extorted our groans,  
And wonderful Harmony breath'd in her tones;  
The SIDDONS convuls'd with the cause of her sadness,  
Made the plaints of the heroine border on madness;  
And summon'd Amazement in each studied start,  
But CRAWFORD effectually wounded the heart:  
The *first* knock'd its centinels down by surprise,  
The *last* gain'd admittance by—pathos and sighs;  
And play'd 'till the tremors encreas'd in gradation,  
And the frame was an organ of tender vibration;  
All the pulses accorded with cold unanimity,  
And the nerves carried woe to the finger's extremity.

This nymph never learnt, by cold Policy bound,  
To measure her periods, and weigh ev'ry sound;  
But disdaining the aids of an artful pretence,  
Gave Nature the rein, and a loose to her sense;  
The meand'rings where subtilty toils after woe,  
And the deep from whence classical rivulets flow;

She left for those daughters of Judgment to stem,  
 Who for Genius substitute fustian and phlegm,  
 Energetic and dignified, beauteous and charming,  
 Impressive, impassion'd, or chilling, or warming:  
 The grave PENSEROSO bent low to adore her,  
 And LOVE and ALLEGRO with joy danc'd before her.

Alas! that such excellence thus should be tainted,  
 Or Vice and Humanity e'er be acquainted:  
 In a moment when Vehemence fir'd her age,  
 An unprincip'l'd idiot tickled her rage;  
 Like Eve, warm and panting, she met the temptation,  
 And laughing resign'd all her hopes of salvation,  
 To be perfect perhaps Heaven did not design us,  
 Then let her indulge the *furor uterinus*,  
 Weak mortals have hurried their beings to dust,  
 By the hunger of pride and the hunger of lust:  
 The stars of a STRATHMORE consign'd her to BOWES;  
 And PIGOT and BUCKINGHAM fell by their foes;  
 Gaunt LYTTLETON wept o'er his massacred name,  
 Then stole to the tomb to escape from his shame;  
 And beauteous CARMARTHEN from peace could depart,  
 To sport with a villain who canker'd her heart.

Turn your fancy to SCOTIA, where rigorous snows,  
 Envelope her rocks, and stern Eolus blows;  
 There view lovely BADDELEY stretch'd on her bier,  
 Whose pallid remains claim the kindred tear:  
 Emaciate and squalid her body is laid,  
 Her limbs lacking shelter, her muscles decay'd.  
 An eminent instance of feminine terror,  
 A public example to keep us from error:

Voluptuous



Voluptuous Bacchantes have wept round her pillow,  
 And strew'd her cold temples with cypress and willow;  
 The train of Euphrosyne ran from their bowers,  
 And smooth'd the green turf, and bewail'd her last hours;  
 See Pan with his rugged libidinous throng,  
 Bring their reeds to awaken a requiem song:  
 By Sorrow and Sympathy led and impress'd,  
 Endeavour to charm her lost spirit to rest;  
 'Till their lays fright the tenants that gladden the sky,  
 And the vales of Arcadia in murmurs reply.—

What a lesson is this for the beauteous and vain!  
 What a beacon to light the abysses of pain!—  
 Can those be the eyes that once sparkled with fire,  
 Which Splendor might envy, and Monarchs admire?  
 Ere the Nymph of her virginal zone was disarm'd,  
 She look'd and enraptur'd, she spoke, and she charm'd;  
 Unmoan'd by the Worthy, she shudder'd and died,  
 And the worms loath a frame for which Majesty sigh'd:  
 For those atoms offend our too dainty condition,  
 That were wont to enslave the proud soul of Ambition.  
 What magic subdu'd so high modell'd a frame?  
 What Fiend gave her heart to the hunger of Shame?  
 'Twas insatiate Lust wore the nymph by degrees,  
 And left her last moments to Want and Disease.—  
 Be kind to her frailties, sweet Penitence cries;  
 Reflect on her woes, Meditation replies;  
 Be just, says Religion, your sentiments dealing,  
 As Cherubs inweave the behest with our feeling.  
 —Oh Passion! that ever to weakness inclines,  
 Thou exquisite tyrant, that damns our designs;  
 Say, why should you shut us from Fear and Contrition,  
 Or lead such frail beings from Peace to Perdition?

Can the conquest be envied as hallow'd or glorious,  
 When angels deplore that the sense is victorious !  
 Ah me ! can this world have a charm for the will,  
 To justify Guilt in an action of ill ?  
 Should a state so restricted, unblest and uneven,  
 Impel us to combat the canons of Heaven ?  
 Tho' cherub-fac'd Vice hides a moral infernal,  
 Her joys are but transient, her stings are eternal.

But when shall we see female prudence have birth,  
 To set such a price as they ought on their worth ?  
 When BAMBER GASCOYNE eats a hare without stuffing,  
 Or PINDAR and PRATT write a treatise 'gainst PUFFING :  
 When GORDON's fatigu'd with sedition-fraught clamour,  
 And simpering CHRISTIE pollutes his white hammer :  
 When AUGUSTUS resigns all his DOUBTS and SUPPOSES,  
 And ROMNEY forgets how to square—human noses :  
 When BROCKLESBY's language becomes insincere,  
 Or he cheats human woe of his PURSE and a TEAR ;  
 When ARDEN and MAWBEY shall cease to be stupid,  
 Or the PRINCE and his RIB rob the altars of Cupid.

### H O L M A N.

Possessing a clear and a capable head,  
 With the mien of a gentleman, gay and well bred ;  
 Se HOLMAN quit Science, who calls *Veni, Domine*,  
 To embrace with young vigour the charms of Melpomene.  
 From the fam'd banks of Isis this *élève* has stray'd,  
 To pay his devoirs to the tragical maid ;  
 To forego the dull page of the classical schools,  
 And enlist in the Drama, and bend to its rules ;

Though



Though sapient Philosophy thrice call'd his name,  
 He shut up his ears, and walk'd onward to Fame;  
 The deeds of romance fill'd a niche in his brain,  
 And Hesiod and Eschylus pleaded in vain:  
 Theology wept o'er his youthful endeavour,  
 As he left her ador'd *Alma Mater* for ever.  
 When Worth call'd him forth to the paths of contrition,  
 He experienc'd the joys and the ills of Ambition;  
 The phantoms of HONOUR crept round to seduce him,  
 The offspring of ENVY to crush and traduce him:  
 To the FIRST all the fire of youth gave the rein,  
 To the LAST all the traits of the man spoke disdain.

Would he seek for the avenues leading to Glory,  
 That his name might irradiate a theatric story;  
 He should walk in the path of judicious gradation,  
 Arranging his passion in subordination:  
 But the toil will be great, as his genius is such,  
 That impels him to give, or too little, or much;  
 'Tis shackled by obstacles, monstrous, tho' bold,  
 Intolerant heat, and unnatural cold:  
 Bid him seek gentle Nature, unravel her schemes,  
 For the path of Propriety severs extremes:  
 She is young, gay, and beautiful, constant, and kind,  
 Bid him list to her lays, and illumine his mind:  
 No schismatic dogmas will fall from her tongue,  
 Impotently grave, or vindictively wrong.  
 The eloquent lessons that Nature will sing,  
 Refresh like the Zephyrs, and glad like the Spring.—  
 When GARRICK first honour'd old Albion's stage,  
 To dignify mirth, and give reason to rage;  
 He sought for the nymph, in her sacred cell,  
 To marshal his thought, and be bound by her spell:

H

There

There he stole like young Troilus every night,  
 And ravag'd her treasures, and fed on delight;  
 He utter'd his complaints at her roseate throne,  
 'Till he melted the nymph, and his woes were her own:  
 She listen'd, she lov'd him; for GARRICK knew flatt'ry,  
 What heart could withstand so resistless a battery?  
 He sooth'd her to love, tho' his prayers were but common,  
 For Nature, tho' wise, is alas! but—a woman.  
 His words flow too quick to administer pleasure,  
 In adagio time, and precipitate measure:  
 Like a torrent that rushes adown a steep hill,  
 'Till the breath is no longer obedient to skill;  
 Now it thunders, then roars, as it dashes the stones,  
 Then recedes from the ear, and we lose half its tones  
 By degrees, 'till the springs of its violence fail;  
 And its murmurs decay, and it dies in the vale.

The good-natur'd critic, with pain, takes offence,  
 When his natural warmth mars his natural sense;  
 But the sword eats the scabbard—'tis fairly presum'd,  
 That the seeds of his Judgment by heat are consum'd;  
 But Time an amendment will work by his rigour,  
 And temper the force of this overstrain'd vigour;  
 But the fault is a good one, though yet 'tis a fault,  
 That leads him on Reason to make an assault.  
 For a juvenile Actor, whose method's too tame,  
 Will scarce ever mount to the regions of Fame;  
 In the humaniz'd system e'en casuists confess,  
 That a fire is harder to raise than suppress.  
 'Tis his to correct the ill humours of Pride,  
 And bid all the channels of weakness subside;  
 As Virtue's chief minion, to honour her cause,  
 Enforce her behest, and promulgate her laws:



If a base-minded miscreant raises his crest,  
 Let the arrows of Wit, shake the guilt in his breast;  
 In a brilliant *bon mot* keep the force of its sting,  
 Seize the moment he ought, and shoot Vice on the wing.  
 It pains me to hear a vile animal quote,  
 Some poignant expression that SHAKESPEARE has wrote;  
 And deliver the text with as formal an air,  
 As the dull drawling tone of a methodist prayer:  
 While Folly attends to the vapid oration,  
 And Madness mistakes for an apt inspiration.—  
 There are who THALIA's best heroes engage,  
 Whose villanous efforts but fuly the stage;  
 With arrogant minds, in presumption o'er-weening,  
 Rant, laugh, dance, and sing, without—merit or meaning.  
 But Nature alone is a faithful preceptor,  
 See the nymph woos him fondly, then bid him accept her:  
 Who wishes for excellence, must be her suitor,  
 He'll ne'er win the prize, if the minx remains neuter:  
 Let the canons she taught, for the progress of art,  
 Be wrote on the tablet that's plac'd in his heart:  
 She holds up the Stagyrte, Terence, and Plautus,  
 To regulate errors that Custom has brought us.  
 This youth should set bounds to his tragic descanting,  
 Which sometimes approaches the precincts of ranting:  
 In gentlemen juniors, adjust his proud walk,  
 And abandon the stare and Titanian stalk.  
 That action which Nature involves in her plan,  
 When dignified LEON's assuming the man,  
 Would be awkward and stiff in LOTHARIO the rover,  
 Or volatile BELMONT, or ROMEO the lover.  
 A part over-strain'd, damns the aims of Expression,  
 And gives much offence to Delight and Discretion:

Erecting

Erecting the body, and bridling the head  
 In all situations, is vile and ill-bred;  
 And can answer no purpose of excellent birth,  
 Or add to the force of his dramatic worth:  
 'Tis torturing the *vertebra* bone of his back,  
 'Till the joints creak with pain, and integuments crack.  
 But bid him be cautious of too much repentance,  
 Nor do aught beyond what's prescrib'd by this sentence;  
 Nor sink in the strife to do right with avidity,  
 From the heights of young rage—to the vale of torpidity;  
 Like KEMBLE with classical trifles affected,  
 Who fine-draws a point 'till the sense is bisected.

I would guide him to Truth, but the maid is destroy'd,  
 And but few mourn her fate, who so many annoy'd;  
 The meek abject nymph was by myriads assail'd,  
 And wounded she droop'd, undeplor'd, and unvail'd:  
 Resign'd to high Heaven, she gave up her breath,  
 And fell, like Rome's Cæsar—illustrious in death.

### MISS WILKINSON.

With grace see young WILKINSON put in her claim,  
 Tho' chill'd by cold doubts for the honours of Fame;  
 In the rays of her virgin timidity basking,  
 Her heart seems to fear what her wishes are asking:  
 When she warbles her sonnets with rapture and skill,  
 'Tis an instance where Nature has triumph'd o'er will.  
 The force of applause has awaken'd that merit,  
 Which long lay entranc'd by a timorous spirit:  
 She saw at a distance the stage, and its terrors,  
 She felt, and acknowledg'd, the strength of her errors.

To



To impudent habits a foe and a stranger,  
 The eye of Conception had magnified danger.  
 Her colloquy justifies Wisdom's defence,  
 Her notes gently steal on the fetter-bound sense;  
 To glad and improve like the soft southern breeze,  
 When he fans the rich vallies, and sports 'mid the trees:  
 By magic like this, mirthful wonders are wrought,  
 And ivy-bound Joy is made pregnant by Thought;  
 Who laughs 'mid her labours, at Anguish with scorn,  
 And the brisk panting Heart feeds the brood that are born;  
 'Till the young are matur'd, who lacking hard treasure,  
 Repay the vast debt by a draught upon Pleasure.

May no rude blasts of Censure suppress her meek toil,  
 And wither the plant as it peeps from the soil;  
 When the genus is tender, and flow'ret is rare,  
 The well-skill'd Conductor redoubles his care;  
 Protects it when Boreas wings a rude gale,  
 But leaves it to Fate when the Zephyrs prevail.  
 Whoe'er takes the judgment-seat, certainly ought  
 To weigh his opinion, and measure his thought;  
 His mind should be chain'd as the slave of Reflection,  
 To throw down the guantlet, and challenge Detection;  
 But, alas! no such generous motive appears,  
 For Candour, surveying their pages, sheds tears:  
 'Mid Judges and Writers, we've KENYONS and FINNIES,  
 For the Bench, like the Prefs, is encumber'd with ninnies:  
 I except honour'd LOUGHBOROUGH, awful and wise,  
 The terror of Guilt, and the ruin of lies:  
 Severe yet benevolent, copious yet clear,  
 His comments on strife charm the heart and the ear;  
 The liberal Virtues obey his command,  
 As he smoothes the rough front of the laws of the land.

Beneficent Mercy corrects the rude plea,  
 And he ponders on God as he gives a decree :  
 When Equity sighs, with a passion sincere,  
 His mind feels her plaint, and his eye yields a tear ;  
 But sometimes lamenting the law's sable letter,  
 Admits polish'd villains poor Virtue to fetter ;  
 Supremely endued to exterminate knavery,  
 With immutable bands holds the monsters in slavery ;  
 Steps aside from those paths which to custom belong,  
 And to do a great right, does—a laudable wrong.

## M R. P O P E.

In the African Captive, see POPE wake surprize,  
 And call Pity's tears into feminine eyes ;  
 When poor ORONOOKO is goaded by foes,  
 The player outrageously pictures his woes :  
 Tho' his person is fashion'd, and prun'd by Perfection,  
 His weakness incessantly meets our detection ;  
 With a fine rounded voice, full of Melody's tones,  
 He wastes half its compass in sighs and in groans ;  
 And thinks 'cause the buskin he's ta'en into keeping,  
 His duty directs he should always be weeping.  
 —When the tear of a man, from his eye-lids will start,  
 It should seem like a tribute that's wrung from the heart ;  
 As an offering that's paid to the cause of a crime,  
 To woe that's unmeasur'd, and grief that's sublime :  
 But if they're call'd forth on each trivial occasion,  
 Their worth is no more, and they lose their persuasion ;  
 Then Ridicule laughs, at the tears as they roll,  
 To tell us the man has—a half-finish'd soul ;

With



With a dropfical brain, which his fancy difpenfes,  
 To drown his perception, his reason, and fenfes;  
 That makes his high judgment for ever caught napping,  
 And which ne'er can have eafe but by constantly tapping.

Tho' his ftrong underftanding is bleft with profundity,  
 His face mars its force by a ftupid rotundity;  
 It was form'd to accomplifh lefs amiable ufes,  
 And wins, by a fmile, every maid—but the Mufes;  
 Too faftuous for exquisite paffion's digreffion,  
 Too fair for a hero, too round for expreffion;  
 Like a beggar at law, whom no barrifter bleffes,  
 His mind lacks an agent to plead its diftreffes;  
 All his mufcles rebel 'gainft judicious controul,  
 And his face gives the lie to a fenfible foul.  
 His fears to do lefs than enough, never quit him,  
 His cloaths in the gentleman, ne'er feem to fit him:  
 With rant he too often difgufts the beholders,  
 And offends by continually writhing his foulders.

He has gain'd, as a fence 'gainft the forrows of life,  
 An excellent friend in an elegant wife;  
 By YOUNG's fober *Night Thoughts*, he perfects each plan,  
 As ſhe re-perufes his—*Essay on Man*:  
 Thus jocund, they dignify Hymen's fweet rites,  
 And the works of each other, each other delights:  
 But ſhe oft gives his follies a well-manner'd check,  
 And holds him from ill, with a chain round his neck:  
 Thus he's kept in a cage, as Dame FITZ keeps her fquirrels,  
 And by wedlock's improv'd—like the BLOOD of the BURRELLS.

His worth is reflected, like planets that run,  
 Emblazon'd and bright, round the rings of the fun;

Or the chaste **HESTER THRALE**, when sublim'd by **Piozzi**,  
 Or **BUNBURY** drest by that drudge **BARTOLOZZI**,  
 Who leaves the broad paths of immortal renown,  
 To imitate chalk, for an ill-judging town;  
 While History sighs, that a man thus high-gifted,  
 Should grow on the threshold of death so bethrified;  
 To prefer the base mountains of fordid-got pence,  
 To the plaudits of nations, and echo of Sense;  
 To lend ev'ry driveller his signet and name,  
 For a bribe to his **MEANNESS**, and wound to his **FAME**.

**MRS. BILLINGTON.**

Behold a blythe Syren, high priz'd and high finish'd!  
 Fall back, ye meek songsters, abash'd and diminish'd;  
 'Tis **BILLINGTON** comes, public praise to implore,  
 Whom Hatred pursues, and the Muses adore!  
 Receive her with homage, ye slaves of Apollo,  
 As Destiny sent her, for Merit to follow;  
 To command suppliant throngs, like the tyrant of Delhi,  
 And a second edition of weak **GABRIELLI**:  
 With Beauty's soft blandishments arm'd to delight,  
 Resistless and charming, she bursts on the sight;  
 From her eyes issue rays of voluptuous mirth,  
 And she catches applause, ere the judgment has birth.

Had Helen, who set the Greek states in a flame,  
 Been as lovely in feature, as beauteous in frame;  
 What man but would combat his legions delighted,  
 And rush upon Death's ebon spear unaffrighted;  
 By desperate action amaze human wonder,  
 And laugh at old Jove, and the point of his thunder!



To gain one embrace from so peerless a prize,  
 And bask in the sunshine that beams from her eyes!  
 When generous Anthony pin'd and desir'd,  
 Egypt's fair queen, with love's passion inspir'd:  
 Tho' he lost a base world, to give Cupid his due,  
 Had BILLINGTON sung, he'd have staid and lost two.  
 Were Anacreon living, to brighten these days,  
 He'd weave her high name in his amorous lays;  
 And Latian minstrels her gifts would rehearse,  
 In all the rich splendor of classical verse;  
 Her lips red as coral, soft, pulpy, and sweet,  
 For Love's warm embraces, in silence, intreat;  
 Like the fruit of the vintage, decreed for our use,  
 They promise, on pressure, an exquisite juice;  
 The High Priest of Comus gave birth to her wiles,  
 And Venus corrected her dimples and smiles:  
 Imperial Cupid, the privilege gave,  
 To look, and to fascinate, smile and enslave;  
 He arm'd her fine eye with the envied ability,  
 To warm the cold bosom of Insensibility:  
 Thus she makes greater numbers their liberties yield,  
 Than Cæsar subdu'd in Pharsalia's field.  
 As radiant Phœbus, to nymphs ever kind,  
 With the spirit of harmony, blended her mind;  
 Illumin'd and lovely the chantress appears,  
 If cloath'd with ineffable laughter or tears:  
 All ranks and degrees, with young zeal croud around her,  
 As Envy and Infamy toil to confound her:  
 The sons of Humanity felt not such glee,  
 When the regent of Paphos emerg'd from the sea;  
 And shook from her tresses the slime of the ocean,  
 And leap'd on the beach, to wake bliss into motion.

The wandering Zephyrs creep round when she sings,  
 To steal her best notes, with aerial wings;  
 Then leave the gay nymph, of her powers bereft,  
 And flit o'er the Alps, with the elegant theft;  
 Where Cecilia descends to unburthen the gales,  
 As kingdom's applaud in Italia's vales;  
 Infatiate Attention devours the strains,  
 And listening wretches forget all their pains:  
 Like the visits of Peace, to our miseries kind,  
 She calms the rough tumults that worry the mind.

But how great the reduction of eminent skill,  
 When the graces of Art are o'erthrown by the will!  
 Should Pride follow Worth, in a constant gradation?  
 Should Caprice be the offspring of high Reputation?  
 Ah! no; let the mind that conceives such perfection,  
 Subdue the vile folly by open detection;  
 And by crushing that Weakness we're born to inherit,  
 Exalt the ideas of fetter-bound Merit:  
 Philosophy shrinks when bright Genius, inspir'd,  
 Can forfeit by Pride, what by Worth she acquir'd;  
 Tho' she breathes her soft notes with a soul-melting thrill,  
 Poor Nature is lost in the triumphs of Skill;  
 She courts Affectation to win us and please,  
 And leaves to her mates, artless manners and ease.  
 Tho' the chaste Cognoscenti approve of her lays,  
 Yet can partial applause equal general praise?  
 To enjoy such a praise, she must strive to unite,  
 The strength and minutiae that give us delight.  
 The beauties of Senses with the graces of Art,  
 And blending their force, she may seize ev'ry heart;

Ravage



Ravage all their recesses with absolute sway,  
And meet with no rebel to doubt, but obey.

In the lofty *bravuras* she copies the spheres ;  
But in madrigal ballads gives pain to our ears ;  
Her trills, the sweet bosom of Sense never warm,  
Tho' her sportive cantabiles win us, and charm :  
With wonderful art, she can marshal her voice,  
And selecting her airs, makes a judicious choice ;  
By fine-spun address, gains our plaudits and favour,  
And husbands that little which Providence gave her.  
She oft wants the gentle assistance of Ease,  
And seems more intent to surprise than to please :  
Tho' the nymph in MANDANE excites admiration,  
The wild notes of CATLEY had more inspiration.  
In songs fraught by Judgment, her powers are plain,  
Tho' her tones are confined, and her shakes give us pain ;  
Impressing her stomach, as sick, sore or lame,  
She drags up the notes from the caves of her frame ;  
Opes her mouth like a well, 'till poor Reason flies from it,  
And doubts if the nymph means to carol or vomit.  
She's wrong, such irregular action to trust in,  
The effect may have charms, but the means are disgusting :  
But she copies the MARA, base-born and invidious,  
Meritorious and mad, weak, proud, and fastidious ;  
As the bounties of Britain with speed overtake her,  
Hear the vocalized idiot blaspheming her Maker :  
When the pit echoes round with *charmante* and *cara*,  
She roars with *fiertè* ONE GOD and ONE MARA ;  
But the TOWN, that vile beast, to Absurdity true,  
Loves a monster of taste, if the monster is new ;  
And like outrageous Catholics, blind and aggriev'd,  
Is never so happy, as when its deceiv'd ;

With

With an awkward demeanour, it fondles and strokes it,  
 And licks it, and pats it, but never provokes it;  
 'Till like Hottentot bride-maids, who love a strong flavour,  
 She \*\*\*\*\* on her host, by the way of a favour.

Sweet HARMONY, hail! to our miseries given,  
 As parent of Concord, and daughter of Heaven.  
 The powers of MUSIC were sent as a blessing,  
 The evils attendant on mortals redressing:  
 Like the converse of Beauty, for rapture design'd,  
 She purifies, softens, and gladdens the mind;  
 The burthens of Want imperceptibly stealing,  
 And lightens the dark habitations of feeling.  
 Aonian maids croud her fanes in a throng,  
 Imploring her influence to fashion their song;  
 With the proud and the petulant, poor, and the vain,  
 That from life's varied weaknesses, shrink and complain;  
 Intreating the loan of her wond'rous pow'r,  
 To wound that despondence which fills up their hour.  
 By her aid the grim furies could Orpheus quell,  
 And charm his lost nymph from the torments of hell;  
 The voice of the minstrel could Fierceness destroy,  
 And Tartarus blaz'd with a gleam of new joy:  
 Implacable Dis own'd the charms of his lyre,  
 And Proserpine waken'd to sigh and admire.  
 The chords of sweet HARMONY banish our woe,  
 And the bounds rais'd by Care, with new pleasures o'erflow:  
 It eases the smart of Affliction's keen rod,  
 And elevates Sense to the state of a God:  
 The tones from her shell can all beings refine,  
 'Till the brute leaps in sport, and the man feels divine.

Mr.



## MR. EDWIN.

See EDWIN come forth with a confident air,  
 The high priest of Momus, and spoiler of Care;  
 The dryness of WESTON, and SHUTTER's droll whim  
 By Nature were blended, and center'd in him:  
 Hark! the theatre rings, as the wight makes his entry,  
 For such men are not born above once in a cent'ry;  
 If he errs now and then, and his faults meet detection,  
 It but proves that the best are not heirs of perfection.  
 To debauch Common Sense he takes many a shape,  
 But we laugh at the crime as a comical rape.  
 If at Reason's expence he attracts some applause,  
 His blushes denote he's asham'd of the cause;  
 If he sometimes should wound the best props of the stage,  
 'Tis to tickle the lungs of a dissolute age:  
 But his name is a tower of strength that defies  
 All the storms that engender in critical skies;  
 For the interests of Comedy follow his beck,  
 And the Haymarket Theatre hangs round his neck.

When he first shone in MINDA's, the world was amaz'd,  
 Admiration pursued him, and Excellence gaz'd:  
 His rival comedians awak'd to explore,  
 And marvel at graces they ne'er saw before.  
 His Cambrio Sir HUGH is a true comic test,  
 Who, like RICHARD HILL turns his pray'r to a jest;  
 With ditties and puns he holds Thought in detention,  
 With the magic of Mirth charms the public attention:  
 With nonsense in verse can elate and delight 'em,  
 And gives them variety *ad infinitum*:

Burlettas in future when pregnant with whim,  
 The bard shall, with pride, dedicate but to him;  
 As the God of festivity, foe of Despair,  
 The deacon of Joy, and assassin of Care.

The irregular movements that mark all his trials  
 To sing, just resemble the fam'd Seven Dials;  
 Tho' by various paths the blythe minstrel will enter,  
 He trips on to Truth, which is plac'd in the center;  
 And none feel alarm'd lest he's out of his way,  
 As they know where he'll rest at the end of his lay;  
 Like the mountains of Mourne, though abrupt and alarming,  
 Their wild inequalities make them more charming.  
 Though he steers near the wind, in a literal sense,  
 He ne'er lets the helm touch the rocks of offence:  
 When Decency's drawing her lineaments down,  
 His wit charms her will, ere they sink to a frown.  
 Philosophy smiles at his well-manner'd joke,  
 And Wisdom applauds the exuberant stroke:  
 To the force of his muscles, and strength of his name,  
 O'KEEFE is in debt for his pence and his fame:  
 Like chymical liquids creating a pothor,  
 They beautify, strengthen, and brighten each other:  
 If diminish'd apart, when their bodies are blended,  
 Their value is seen, and their virtues are mended;  
 And a colour's produc'd by the well-temper'd union,  
 Which deludes while it charms, like the paste at communion:  
 Though the cause and effect is the course of a jest,  
 Our zeal spoils the taste, and our faith does the rest.—  
 O'KEEFE, matchless mortal, that lives to o'erthrow,  
 The threat'ning pile of each critical foe;  
 Like the Anthropophagi in each varied season,  
 He fattens and feeds on the bowels of Reason:

In



In terrible ruin she bleeds 'neath his knife,  
 A prey to his WORKS, and abridg'd of her life;  
 Down the throats of the public they're ruffian-like cram'd,  
 For ever upheld, and for evermore damn'd:  
 Like the wond'rous asbestos his toils we admire,  
 Whose labours surmount e'en the critical fire:  
 As the furnace the fossil-fraught drapery whitens,  
 So public contempt his capacity brightens:  
 But HARRIS'S pence keep his follies in tune,  
 And COLMAN protects the unletter'd buffoon.  
 He pilfers in cellars the food of his raillery,  
 And gives the coarse tune, to the Gods in the Gallery;  
 Who roaring exhibit their hoarse approbation,  
 And shield the base bard from the stings of damnation.  
 That his pieces are *monstrously droll* I'll admit,  
 But barren of Incident, Nature, and Wit;  
 They please the rude ideots who press, in a throng,  
 To list to the tail of an ill-written song,  
 Like a Hottentot chief at the court of St. James,  
 Or Venetian regatta perform'd on old Thames;  
 Or a hideous beast tempest-drove on the shore,  
 Or a classical pig, or an infamous whore;  
 Led on by such sights the dull million will move,  
 To view something strange, but not what they approve.  
 Meritorious Virtue is scoff'd and discarded,  
 And halts on her way, like a wretch disregarded:  
 Descendants of Vice fully Worth in a libel,  
 And free-thinking blockheads comment on the bible;  
 To gamblers and miscreants my Lord gives his treats,  
 While Bravery, limbless, is kick'd thro' the streets.  
 None list to the prayer of his meek *Date obolum*,  
 For Vice sports her guineas, and Citizens gobble 'em:

They

They view with high scorn the poor veteran's fate,  
 Tho' he tore the proud flag from a Gallic first-rate.  
 Methinks I hear heaven's omnipotent Sire,  
 With eyes beaming rays of ineffable fire,  
 In thundering tones thus, their darings subdue,  
 Give the wing to his mandate, and crush the foul crew :  
 " Recede, ye base slaves, ye incontinent race,  
 Society's pest, and Britannia's disgrace :  
 When the embers of mercy are lit, ye vile elves,  
 Can ye ask that from me, ye deny to yourselves?  
 Presume ye to hope such a caitiff I'll bless,  
 Who shuts his broad gates to a patriot's distress?  
 Disgorge all your wealth to the good of the brave ;  
 Go mingle with reptiles, and shrink in the grave."

### MRS. BATES

When BATES in the spleen, her *fiertè* dispenses,  
 Her angry eloquence, jars all the senses ;  
 No delicate springs give a force to her soul,  
 Or sentiment chains keep her rage in controul :  
 Untutor'd, ungraceful, unblest, unrefin'd,  
 With a sonorous voice, and a masculine mind ;  
 Like tempest-fraught furies, whose tongues never cease,  
 The sound of her lay frights the offspring of Peace ;  
 Like Orion in heaven, her ill-omen'd form  
 Ne'er bursts on the scene, but it threatens a storm ;  
 And her tones wound the ear, 'till transfix'd with our wonder,  
 We all scud aghast, from the feminine thunder.  
 Her accents are harsh, ill-conceiv'd, and erroneous ;  
 They're sometimes explicit, but never harmonious :

With



With a clapper well hung, to assist a detractress,  
 They spoilt a good scold when they made her an actress.  
 No gentle ingredients seem mix'd with her clay,  
 For the vixen's in front, be the part what it may :  
 Her humours are rancid, her lungs are Stentorian,  
 Her soul seems perturbed, as winds hyperborean :  
 Like the Lamia 'mid Hebrews, distracted and wild,  
 She appalls by her ranting, man, woman, and child.

To personate women of fashion she's wrong,  
 As to her the calm graces did never belong ;  
 'Tis a caricature of original truth,  
 Like Age mumbling crusts, that were destin'd for youth.  
 'Tis an outrage on Ease, when she labours to smile,  
 A malevolent grin seems the fruit of the soil ;  
 For the spiteful young congress that plays in her eye,  
 Gives the hard-finish'd laugh of her visage the lie.

Her port seems as awkward in high polish'd vanity,  
 As a lawyer who talks of his God and humanity ;  
 Or a modern dramatist, who prates about wit,  
 Or an uncarted bawd, when she quotes holy writ ;  
 Or MACKRETH discoursing on sideboards and glasses,  
 Or STEELE when arranging political asses ;  
 MACDONALD haranguing on legal ability,  
 Or ROLLO enforcing the bliss of humility ;  
 Or hallow'd WILL PETERS when raving 'bout charity,  
 Or BOYDELL descanting on feasts and hilarity ;  
 Or BARRY when swearing that Fortune a jade is,  
 Or JOHNNY BURNELL when saluting the ladies.

## MR. HENDERSON.

By the faint gleams of light that irradiate yon gloom,  
 Behold the pale Muses round HENDERSON'S tomb :  
 Hark ! their wild lamentations annoy the still air,  
 And their shrieks and despondence denote their despair.  
 As the fav'rite of Honour, his excellence shone,  
 And to ages unborn shall his merits be known ;  
 His eminent name shall exist undefil'd,  
 Like Pompey's fam'd pillar in Africa's wild ;  
 To cheer a wide desert, and solace the plains,  
 And attract Admiration to view its remains,  
 Its splendid proportion, its size, and its neatness,  
 And marks of its vast super-eminent greatness.  
 It will keep a due sense of ambition alive,  
 And shew to what heights human art may arrive.

In the drama's wide circle he rov'd unconfin'd,  
 To embellish with Truth an original mind ;  
 His compeers from him all their dignity won,  
 As erratic orbs gather light from the sun :  
 When he moved in the firmament, journeying his way,  
 The satellites follow'd, to blaze with his ray.  
 Can we wonder the stage should be dark in these days,  
 When that sun we lament has withdrawn with those rays ?  
 Now like planets unlit in their orderly race,  
 They wander at will into infinite space ;  
 Attempt thro' the regions of Science to soar,  
 When their brains are unhing'd, and their chief is no more ;  
 Conjuring Ambition to guide them to Fame ;  
 But the wench plays the jilt, and betrays them to Shame.

Thus



Thus HOLMAN and FARREN, so forceful their pride is,  
 Have labour'd to wield the vast club of Alcides;  
 But fell 'neath the toil with a sigh and a tear,  
 And one *sunk* in BENEDICT, t'other in LEAR.  
 This chieftain, unblest in his voice and his feature,  
 Like SHERIDAN stood, not indebted to Nature;  
 He pin'd when he knew all the gifts that he wanted,  
 And his feelings requested what Industry granted.  
 Tho' the Piedmontese mountains, that talk to the skies,  
 With a lowering brow, human labour defies;  
 Yet Hannibal smil'd at the frowns of the regions,  
 And cut, thro' their bosom, a path for his legions.

An integral dramatic performance I ween,  
 Is what never was, nor will ever be seen;  
 Some component particle always is wanting,  
 To perfect the whole, when the muse is descanting:  
 If the Actor is good, oft the Poet's erroneous,  
 Who presuming is damn'd, like inflated Salomeneus:  
 When the Author feels all that the Muse can inspire,  
 The Player wants dignity, pathos, or fire:  
 Thus errors change hands, like gay youth in a dance,  
 And when Judgment's retreating, the Follies advance.  
 Thus like strata in mines the materials lay,  
 And the ore of high value is mingled with clay.

The theatre now like a desert appears,  
 And who is amaz'd that the muses shed tears,  
 Where GARRICK and BARRY have gladden'd their eyes,  
 For their thought can give birth but to sadness or sighs?  
 It seems like poor Zama when Fortitude fled,  
 Or Imperial Rome, when her Cæsar lay dead.

To

To compare what once was, with the things that now are,  
 But plunges each sense in the deeps of Despair:  
 Go find me those RICHARDS, OTHELLOS and PIERRES,  
 The BENEDICTS, CATOS, CASTALIOS, and LEARS!  
 Who once gave, like Hope, universal delight,  
 And crept to the heart thro' the medium of sight;  
 —But the search would be vain, we must keep what we have;  
 As entomb'd with our fathers they sleep in the grave:  
 Tho' our modern young Scions oft make an assumption,  
 The Gods have but marr'd them with pride and presumption.  
 See GRIST, CLINCH, and BANNISTER, DIMOND, and FARREN,  
 And others who sport in the dramatic warren;  
 Tho' they all were enlighten'd at *Roscius'* fam'd school,  
 And taught by one master, they all flight his rule:  
 Like the wandering Amphiscii, whose singular state,  
 Make sceptics to question the wisdom of Fate;  
 For tho' warm'd and supported by one solar blaze,  
 The shades of their bodies fall contrary ways.

#### MISS WHEELER.

See fidling, advancing, now simp'ring, now crying,  
 This moment in raptures, the next moment sighing;  
 Egregious WHEELER, whose manners are such,  
 That her best friends forsake her, as Wit flies the Dutch.  
 I'm poz'd in what class of strange beings to blend her,  
 As her humours and passions are known to no gender:  
 Half Italian, half English, like food for the belly,  
 When neck of beef's garnish'd with boil'd vermicelli:  
 Too dull in the first to amuse cognoscenti,  
 Too unfix'd in the latter, to please one in twenty.

Like



Thus Destiny balanc'd her puny ability,  
 But denied her pretensions to worth or utility;  
 Like Berwick-on-Tweed, that divides two great nations,  
 But unown'd by them both, tho' they both are relations.

When this tittering nymph trod Hibernia's shore,  
 She was madden'd with praise that she ne'er knew before :  
 Some credulous friend, by exerting his sway,  
 Turn'd the keen blasts of Judgment incautious away ;  
 With JUBAL's sweet lyre, compar'd her coarse reed,  
 Fed, prop'd, and protected the musical weed ;  
 And by strangling those facts that, if known, had disgrac'd her,  
 Thrust the ideot on Fame, who unwilling embrac'd her ;  
 But 'twas praise ill bestow'd on a reptile so humble,  
 'Twas an act where his honour was soil'd by a stumble ;  
 'Twas like dressing a fool, in defiance of Fate,  
 Or moaning for miscreants lying in state ;  
 Like a fête at Bologna, or monkish vagary,  
 When they cloath a mean wench with the robes of Saint Mary.

I hear Reason question the sense of the nation,  
 That gave such an awkward young minx toleration—  
 But various the arts in this overgrown town,  
 By which *shadows* for *substance* are ta'en, and go down.  
 CALEB WHITFORD disports with his old-fashion'd joke,  
 Tho' his sallies the suite of meek Wisdom provoke ;  
 Pert MORRIS for wit gives us volumes of bawdry,  
 And ARCHER's call'd beauteous, tho' painted and tawdry.  
 If PEPPER wants powers to garnish a plea,  
 Yet fools can be found that will give him a fee ;  
 The mob weds the dogma, if Fashion has said it,  
 And nine tenths of men's virtues they take upon—credit ;

Even madmen and driv'lers can compass their ends,  
If madmen and driv'lers are furnish'd with friends.

### MR. FEARON.

Unaccountable FEARON demands my attention,  
But defies my best powers to mark his dimension;  
Like the month of November that sullies the year,  
He's adust, short, and gloomy, black, foul, and severe;  
His front, like a fog, brings distress on the mind,  
Unwholesome, obnoxious, unblest and unkind:  
His fancy seems choak'd with saturnine ideas,  
To lead him to murders like those of Medea's.  
In strong trepidation the Sciences fly  
From his loud intonation, and scowl of his eye:  
When he damns, like a chief of the church inquisition,  
The oath seems the child of a dark disposition.—  
Yet this is but seeming—what being will scorn him,  
When the duties of Virtue with pleasure adorn him?  
To please her he roves, like the tenants of Tartary,  
And the milk of humanity flows in each artery.

In BELMONT the elder, with rigour impress'd,  
He chides his gay son, like a butcher well drest;  
Disdaining all customs but those of his fires,  
Makes the manners of kings bend to meet his desires;  
With a finewy arm lays Morality's lash on,  
And ne'er seems so happy as—when in a passion.

In ZADAN, the captive, his skill bears the test,  
For his part tho' restricted, eclipses the rest;



If he made but few efforts, those efforts were good,  
 As they warm'd and promoted the course of the blood;  
 Till the streams of benevolence quicken'd to flow,  
 And the frame trembled round with a concord of woe;  
 Till the ice-temper'd chains of the heart 'gan to melt,  
 And the tears of rude nature prov'd savages felt.

### MRS. INCHBALD.

To mangle poor Decency's breathless remains,  
 To rob gentle Reason of all her domains;  
 To give the last blow to expiring Propriety,  
 To feed a base town with still baser variety.  
 See delicate INCHBALD assume the foul quill;  
 And satirize Wisdom, by pleasing her will!  
 Tho' unskill'd in the true fabrication of senses,  
 She tickles our weakness, and talks to the senses;  
 For Venus is tittering, and Priapus smiles,  
 As the queen of Voluptuousness Nature beguiles;  
 She canters her steed thro' Parnassian lanes,  
 Till the blood from her heart has half madden'd her brains;  
 Then seizing the standish, writes quaint and uncommon,  
 As the rake mounts aloft on—the dregs of the woman.  
 Conceits as impure have flow'd from her pen,  
 As damn'd Aretine, or lascivious Behn:  
 A truant to Modesty, wild without rule,  
 She roams after Folly, and raves in her school;  
 Guts novels for sentiment, plot, pun, and diction,  
 And looks to the cieling for objects of fiction:  
 Contemptuously treating the feminine duties,  
 Her breast lacks the cambric to cover its beauties.

With

With the pages of Sappho her cranium she dresses,  
 While her smock goes unwash'd, and abandon'd her tresses.  
 If she caught approbation, she car'd not a jot,  
 If the plaudits deriv'd from a scholar or lot;  
 The cause she imagin'd was blanch'd by the end,  
 And to flatter an ideot, neglected—a friend.  
 Thus her mind, like clear amber, condens'd by stagnation,  
 Exhibits the dirt it imbib'd in formation:  
 But the vest of her muse, tho' attractive, is tawdry,  
 Befring'd with queer phrases, and chequer'd with bawdry.

To effect the sublime, by an artifice new,  
 And bring all its majesty forward to view,  
 She purloin'd the stool on which KEMBLE had writ,—  
 The choicest morceaus of his Jesuit wit;  
 A stool far more blest than the harps of old Snowden,  
 Or the tripod of Delphos, or goblet of Woden.  
 Uprais'd on its bosom that simpering child,  
 Self-complacent engender'd young grins that half smil'd;  
 And penn'd wond'rous odes, and astonishing lays,  
 As have pos'd all discernment, and beggar'd all praise.  
 Ere he first learn'd to *swindle* the town of its senses,  
 And get vast douceurs by *illicit pretences*;  
 Ere his nasonic sister, by dramatic treason,  
 Poor ERSKINE had bled of his coin and his reason;  
 But when clos'd in Douay's sacred cells, the meek youth,  
 Receiv'd the behest of all blessings—but Truth.  
 High-mounted on that the fair scribbler sits,  
 To watch as her pulses give strength to her wits;  
 Like the Pythian priestess, she feels new sensations,  
 That mount from her seat in divine exhalations:

Then,



Then she laughs, cries and blots, plunges, ponders and writes,  
 Faints, screams and looks wild, reconceives and indites;  
 As KEMBLE administers *truth* to the sinner,  
 'Till his eye-balls grow dim, and the *god* stirs within her:  
 Hence her myriads she spawns like a lobster prolific,  
 And the monsters crawl forth with a mien scientific.  
 Hence HOWARD and all the meek works of his will,  
 Have been hash'd into sauce, to bring grist to her mill;  
 Who painting the hero egregiously good,  
 Made a farce of his being, and fever'd his blood:  
 Hence his worth has been squar'd by a catholic rule,  
 'Till the wanderer seems like an o'er righteous fool,  
 Hence he prates of his faith on a public stage,  
 'Till Theology pities the puppet-shew age;  
 And laments that so-high an example to men,  
 Should be tortur'd and teaz'd by a driveller's pen.

As an Actress her claims but dishonour her station,  
 And debase the attempts of my investigation;  
 For her scribbling rage has extinguish'd the player,  
 And impell'd her to flight both her practice and prayer:  
 Hence her forehead is always with flattern impress'd,  
 And her heroines seem drunk, and her ladies half drest:  
 But COWLEY and INCHBALD, examples both recent,  
 To blaze as mad authors with pride—look indecent.

From the itch to be witty what miseries flow,  
 When the toil of the brain but establishes woe!  
 Hence Bedlam's drear jaws have been cramm'd to satiety;  
 Hence maniacs have risen to frighten Propriety;  
 Hence orthodox ideots perplex our best senses,  
 Hence PRIESTLEY with pride vague opinions dispenses;

But INCHBALD, decreed more absurd than her neighbours,  
 With God and the Devil besprinkles her labours ;  
 Sure the traits of her mind must be oddly directed,  
 When her bawdry destroys what her morals effected.

But writing and wisdom set each at defiance,  
 And journey no longer in peace and alliance :  
 Thus CUMBERLAND's hag, whom himself calls a muse,  
 Will the hags of all others decry and abuse ;  
 But his well-drest abortions precedence can find,  
 By the force of their habits, not strength of the mind ;  
 They please by their mien, tho' their language is vapoury,  
 As fools blaze at court by the aid of their drap'ry.  
 Thus HORACE told CHATTERTON, speaking of skill,  
 When the half-famish'd bard rov'd to STRAWBERRY HILL :  
 " Talk to me, man of genius ! why, zounds, 'tis all stuff,  
 " Go write when you're rich, and the thing's well enough :  
 " Will Genius protect you from Want's fell decree ?  
 " Then leave bleak Parnassus to JENYNS and me ;  
 " Tho' I've wrote without genius for full threescore years,  
 " Still my works have repute, and my wig hides my ears ;  
 " It was labour, not genius, that wove every canto  
 " Of my well printed verse, and the house of Otranto."

Hence INCHBALD's permitted to follow her rage,  
 And insult radiant Phœbus, and write for the stage ;  
 But FIZGIG protects the incontinent thing,  
 And FIZGIG can rule us, for FIZGIG's a king.  
 When the \* \* \* \*, and the Muses no longer can charm her,  
 The heart of her JOHNNY shall solace and warm her ;  
 If heat *can* be drawn from the regions of snow,  
 Or the bosom of Zembla it's rigours forego ;

The



The Alps from their shoulders shake off their cold drap'ry,  
 Or Tivoli's plains become humid and vapoury;  
 If HAWKINS can alter the soul's hideous feature,  
 And treading on Arrogance cherish Good-nature;  
 If fools can be humble, or statesmen sincere,  
 Or lawyers be honest, or POPE lack a tear:  
 If the half-limb'd affassin (like high-blooded PERCY),  
 Who smote gentle PIGOT, is mark'd for his mercy;  
 If the KING ev'ry politic knave can decry,  
 Or the HIGH PRIEST OF LINCOLN can blush at—A LIE.

### MR. JOHNSTONE.

See myrtle-crown'd JOHNSTONE advancing between us,  
 Like the rover of Troy, or the minion of Venus;  
 He's *un homme de bonne fortune*, a strange envied thing,  
 For which ladies sacrifice God and their King:  
 But he carries a charm, to each prejudice suited,  
 Tho' the point where that charm can exist, is disputed.  
 Like the bee, he flits buzzing from flower to flower,  
 As Beauty and Fortune acknowledge his power;  
 Imbibes all their honey, and boasts of its flavour,  
 Yet thanks not the gods for so kingly a favour;  
 Who gave him a manly importance and pride,  
 To rush and demand what's to cowards denied;  
 But artfully knowing the feminine mind,  
 Calls the damsel who hesitates, weak and unkind;  
 And spares her the trouble, with excellent skill,  
 To reproach him for making her—follow her will.  
 Thus inebriate he quaffs the voluptuous cup,  
 And asking new pleasures—new pleasures rise up;  
 Till, fainting and fated, he quits the gay feast,  
 Tho' Beauty implores him to stay and be blest;

But

But fatigu'd, he rejects her sweet prayer and pretences,  
 For Extasy's beggar'd with feeding his senses :  
 To please and be pleas'd make up all his employment,  
 The cause and the end of his being's—enjoyment ;  
 'Mid the fair and the beauteous his handkerchief flies,  
 And the fair and the beauteous contend for the prize ;  
 'Till glutted from Love's varied banquet he rises,  
 And like *Louis Quatorze* even dainties despises.

When this musical Anthony's passions confound him,  
 Renown'd Cleopatras in myriads surround him,  
 Till he elevates one from the suppliant croud,  
 Who rais'd and distinguish'd, looks haughty and proud,  
 As the rest in despair shake their heads and retire,  
 And some fall by *Vipers*, and others—by *Fire*.  
 Created to fascinate virgins by dozens,  
 With a well-fashion'd smile he deludes and he cozens ;  
 The penfive half-penitent daughter of Ill,  
 Who ask'd with her eyes that he'd—compass her will ;  
 And complain'd that the lamp of Affection should burn  
 For a swain who forsook her with scores in their turn :  
 Tho' she pin'd that the varlet neglected to woo her,  
 Grows fond as at first, when Caprice led him to her.  
 New gilds the sad cause, made Inconstancy hate her,  
 And tho' stung by the treason, returns to the traitor.

'Cause Fortune and Fate have peculiarly blest him,  
 The coxcombs decry, and the men all detest him,  
 And stirring the atoms of Envy's foul dregs,  
 Assail his proportions, and sneer at his *legs* ;  
 But an *Irishman's leg* is not priz'd for its quickness,  
 But its strength and its vigour, its nerve, and its thickness :

If

See next Leaf. \*



If it holds the frame firmly, the man wins the day,  
For the owners ne'er use them—in running away.

Look round 'mid his compeers, the man bears the bell,  
Tho' he feels not too much, ye there's none feel so well;  
Amid all his failings this fure is the oddest,  
That he *seems* in all characters somewhat—too modest;  
Rests his head on his chest, like a bawd at a burial,  
And looks grave as the guard at the Spanish Escorial;  
Or a half-witted judge, when our follies reviling,  
Tho' his heart and his will are incessantly smiling,  
Draws his muscles in order, and bridling his fury,  
Looks just like a culprit when ey'd by his jury;  
Then touches his forehead, to wipe off the dew  
Of an ideal shame, that his front never knew.

Like the mermaid, whose figure's in story decided,  
His frame and his melody both are divided;  
The upper division of each is harmonious,  
The lower discordant, ill-form'd, and erroneous;  
They clash and contend like two priests for a mitre,  
And discolour each other like copper and nitre.  
His voice was by Nature so widely bisected,  
It ne'er can be rightly by Judgment directed;  
For wanting an agent, its beauties to tiffue,  
They tease the possessor, but cannot join issue:  
It consists of contraries, like punch but half made;  
Or Rembrandt's designs of abrupt light and shade:  
Like an ill-manag'd concert, without any fiddle,  
Or Nobody's person, that lacks all his middle;  
If they sport with each other, the junction is ill,  
Their bodies may meet, but they meet without will:

Like the kiss of Antipathies, urg'd by—*you must*,  
 Their embrace but exposes a mutual disgust ;  
 Like a Jew or a Bramin with FATHER O'LEARY,  
 Or Gog in a dance with the Corsican fairy :  
 'Tis an excellent mixture of whiskey and sack,  
 One half RUBINELLI, the rest—PADDY WHACK.  
 But his labours Propriety ever will please,  
 Attemper'd by Harmony, Spirit, and Ease.  
 The consonant R clogs the force of the note,  
 And struggles to rush from the cells of his throat ;  
 It mars that soft grace, which to sound should belong,  
 Reduces his worth, and debauches his song :  
 His cadence is hurt by its base intervention,  
 And the toil to elude it takes half his attention :  
 Tho' the bur of IERNE he combats to soften,  
 He makes his cantabiles long, and too often ;  
 With serious demeanour attends to the band,  
 And sinks into D with a wave of the hand.  
 As a sweetly-ton'd lute he corrects his *falsetto*,  
 Which charms like the elegant skill of *Cervetto* ;  
 With vocal meand'ring it sports like a fawn,  
 In serpentine strains, or a lark at the dawn.

Yet where shall we find, in these dissonant days,  
 An opera chief that deserves so much praise ?  
 If he answers not every purpose of merit,  
 If view'd in all points, he has taste, truth, and spirit.  
 If we measure his worth by comparative rule,  
 His claims are gigantic, and shame the whole school :  
 As his fellow disciples, tho' poison'd with vanity,  
 Have nothing humane, save the husk of humanity.  
 Then let FIZGIG beware, when dispensing his favours,  
 How he parts with this regent of crotchets and quavers.

Take



Take the man's *tout ensemble*, voice, mein, and exterior,  
 'Tis a thousand to one if he meets—his superior.  
 He has one great advantage, 'mid fingers most rare,  
 For in AIMWORTH the nobleman buries the play'r ;  
 His person is dignified, graceful, commanding,  
 And his eyes shew the traits of a good understanding.

MRS. BANNISTER.

See, placid and mild, gentle BANNISTER moves,  
 Encircl'd and fann'd by the Graces and Loves !  
 Discreetly, tho' trembling, she met high Ambition,  
 Uninjur'd in fame by a strong competition ;  
 She ne'er drew applause by incontinent rudeness,  
 And boasted few charms but—superior goodness.  
 Celestial Decency led her along,  
 Corrected her manners, and sweeten'd her song :  
 In artless ROSINA she fed young desires,  
 And won every bosom as well as the 'SQUIRE's ;  
 She equall'd our wishes in lovely ROSETTA,  
 And oft prov'd the pilot that sav'd a burletta.  
 She touch'd Passion's chord in the love-stricken POLLY,  
 And tinted the part with a faint melancholy :  
 With plaintive delight taught her numbers to flow,  
 As the skill of soft Harmony mellow'd her woe.  
 Her trills were the purest that e'er met the ear,  
 Melodious, audible, charming, and clear.  
 Her habits with pastoral maids claim'd affinity,  
 And lent polish'd graces to rural virginity :  
 Tho' she blazon'd to gladden an infamous age,  
 Conspicuously great, and allied to the stage ;  
 The white veil of Chastity hung round her action,  
 And damp'd the approaches of Vice and Detraction ;

Like

Like the priest of Marfeilles, by the Virtues protected,  
 She pafs'd thro' the ranks of Difease uninfected;  
 For Heaven's own agents, to excellence kind,  
 Preferv'd from contagion the health of her mind.

Reftrein'd from Pollution by moral belief,  
 Too virtuous to hope any blifs from its CHIEF  
 She quitted the STAGE, to fulfil her defire,  
 And trim Friendship's lamp round her family fire:  
 To the duties of focial life fhe's retir'd,  
 Who, private or public, is prais'd and admir'd;  
 Who gladly proportions her will to her need,  
 And to blefs and be blest makes the whole of her creed:  
 Thanks the gods that her meafure of joy is complete,  
 As the tumults of life ly in chains at her feet.

Hail nuptial felicity! rapturous ftation!  
 That forms the beft prop in the ftrength of a nation..  
 Blest fource, from whence every happinefs flows,  
 That fubjugates paffion, or conquers our woes!  
 The connubial twain, whom fweet Virtue impreffes,  
 Can draw forth the arrow from human diftreffes;  
 Their mutual strife is to banifh defpair,  
 And hide the thorn heart from the preffure of Care;  
 Like the dreams of an angel, to transport resign'd,  
 The finger of Peace fmoother the fprings of the mind.  
 As the kindred tie of foft Sympathy moves,  
 And the organs are tun'd by confederate loves:  
 A commerce empyreal the fenfes unite,  
 To barter for bliffes, and feed on delight;  
 'Till the mind's fo high charg'd, it can treasure no more,  
 But, fill'd with the balm of enjoyment, runs o'er.

From



From so hallow'd a state can weak nymphs have revolted?  
 Can the daughters of Guilt boast a joy so exalted,  
 When a beauteous offspring, surrounding their knees,  
 Look up with ineffable wishes to please;  
 In envious rivalry anxious to share  
 The test of their kindness, and force of their prayer;  
 To catch every accent that falls from the tongue,  
 And echo the song that their parents had sung?  
 With reciprocal blessings they cheat the sad hours,  
 Awaking the slumbers of infantine powers;  
 Correct the ideas that rise in gradation,  
 And hail innate worth in a young generation;  
 Explore all the objects that Wisdom has fought,  
 And polish with care the fine traces of thought;  
 Guard the void when their earliest pleasantries cease,  
 Then point out the rocks that have wreck'd human peace;  
 Impress their white minds with examples of worth,  
 And prune the weak thought, ere their knowledge has birth!  
 On exertions like these e'en the gods look with pleasure,  
 If their cup lacks a joy, Virtue fills up the measure:  
 Thus Art turns the stream with a liberal hand,  
 To strengthen the sapling, and nourish the land

As gladsome they journey down life's steep declivity,  
 Their toils shall be weaken'd by Mirth and Festivity;  
 Young cherubs press forward to hail and adore 'em,  
 And the beauties of Paradise open before them:  
 Led onward to Heaven by calm Resignation,  
 They'll wonder and pant on the brink of creation:  
 Then monarchs might envy their beatify'd lot,  
 As the world and its vanities all are forgot.

Q

There

There angels shall fix the last seal to fatality,  
And wrap the fond twain into bright immortality.

May the miscreant, who toils with apocryphal art,  
To drive by his wiles gentle Peace from the heart;  
Debasing his nature by lies and traduction,  
And all the foul arts of detested seduction.  
(Like the reptile that poison'd the organs of Eve,  
Who abandon'd to ruin, but sung to deceive);  
Evince all those torments that Heaven has deign'd,  
To visit the wretch who his mandates prophan'd.  
May the ills of Pandora in concert surround him,  
And the moans of the damn'd issue forth to confound him;  
May he ever reflect, and eternally weep;  
May the demons of Thought break the bands of his sleep;  
May the agents of Horror his senses enslave,  
And his shrieks of Remorse only cease in the grave.  
When he mould'ring decays, as humanity must,  
And hell drags his being to sully the dust,  
May the unction that's meant as a sacred ablution,  
Be chang'd by his God to the pass of pollution.

# LEONI.

Neglected, appall'd, sickly, poor, and decay'd,  
See LEONI retiring in life's humble shade;  
To imprecate evil on that baneful head,  
Who views his despondence, denying him bread.  
'Tis but few little years since the charms of his voice  
Made theatres echo, and thousands rejoice;  
When the Sock and the Buskin, depress'd and dismay'd,  
From the altars of Music call'd Voice to their aid.

And



And by walking approv'd thro' the Thespian *via*,  
 Tho' a slave to the tribes, prov'd the Drama's Messiah;  
 But, like great SOBIESKI, the service forgot,  
 The Pole and the Jew knew a similar lot;  
 The first drove the Turk from the gates of Vienna,  
 The last banished Want when he woo'd the Duenna.  
 Great JOHN liv'd abhorr'd by that dastardly state,  
 Which his arm and his mind sav'd from angry Fate;  
 But the infamous LEOPOLD laugh'd at his shame,  
 And egregious FIZGIG has damn'd his own fame.  
 The Austrian despot, and prince of the scene,  
 Were equally cowardly, worthless, and mean;  
 Indeterminate, grov'ling, base, and absurd,  
 They both pledg'd their honour, and both broke their word;  
 But the soul of a scoundrel's the same sullied thing,  
 In the head of an idiot, or breast of a king.

When his talents seduc'd his meek soul into life,  
 And plac'd him to meet public pleasure and strife,  
 Like an owl in the sunshine, he met the broad ray,  
 And winking deplor'd the meridian day.  
 Unfit for the habits of scenic proficiency,  
 His song had scarce charms to make up the deficiency.  
 When cast, like a bark, down the streams of Despair,  
 A prey to his fortunes, an inmate of care;  
 All shorn of those honours with which Merit crown'd him,  
 Bereft of those pence which he once threw around him,  
 To Abraham's bosom the profligate run,  
 Imploring relief like the prodigal son;  
 Re-wedding his faith, paid his dues unto Cæsar,  
 By kissing the children of Nebuchadnezzar;

O

And

And ate on those acorns with peace and with pride,  
 Which his stomach in happier days had deny'd.  
 By his wand'rings the circumcis'd minstrel has found  
 That the friendship of Vice is at best but a sound ;  
 That Temp'rance was sent as the handmaid of Health,  
 That the peace of his mind's the most excellent wealth ;  
 That Pleasure and Sin are inveterate foes,  
 And that Virtue alone can embalm our repose.

MR. F A R R E N.

By much the most ardent among the assuming,  
 By much most presumptuous amid the presuming ;  
 Hear FARREN affright every muse from his station,  
 By unqualified rant, and extreme intonation :  
 MELPOMENE shrinks from his heroes and LEARS,  
 Aud THALIA debases her smiles into sneers :  
 But why should he walk in the dramatic van,  
 Who exhibits at best, but the sign of a man ?  
 No min'stry of Art seem to lodge in his scull,  
 That's inflexibly turgid, and rigidly dull.  
 By what wond'rous means has he brighten'd his name,  
 How the deuce has he mix'd with the followers of fame ?  
 On the basis of puffs the false pile was erected,  
 But its durable state has been often suspected.  
 His glory, like poor CAGLIOSTRO's, is built  
 On the slippery threshold of indirect guilt :  
 Not like old Erostatus for burning a fane,  
 Tho' crimes less enormous have made the man vain !  
 Traducing WILL. SHAKESPEARE, and mouthing heroics,  
 In such a damn'd style as would anger the Stoics :

Like



Like Epiminedes the poet of Crete,  
 Stupidity binds both his hands and his feet.  
 When stage-struck he murder'd poor Hamlet the prince,  
 Tho' 'tis many a year, he has slept—ever since :  
 If apparent he reasons, the thing does but seem,  
 For the man is entranc'd, and declaims in a dream ;  
 Hung round with inaptitudes formal and lazy,  
 Automatical, heavy, dull, sombrous, and lazy ;  
 The husk of vulgarity dims every feature,  
 Defeats his exertions, and sullies his nature.

'Tis said that when Thisbe first whisper'd her pain,  
 By the pale lamp of night on Babylon's plain :  
 By the Destinies barr'd from a love-fraught embrace,  
 The nymph fung her grief to a wall on the place.  
 Thus BRUNTON is fated to generate spleen,  
 When FARREN and she fill the void of the scene.  
 With a gesture of woe, and a high-passion'd tone,  
 She pours out her complaints to a well-sculptur'd stone :  
 A mass more ignoble than those BACON deals in,  
 That never was damn'd with—the torment of feeling ;  
 Who brings proud HORATIUS to comic perdition,  
 And murders the Roman, *sans* shame or contrition.  
 —Remember poor HANNO of Carthage his fate,  
 And ponder in thought ere you wish to be great ;  
 Go read classic lore, and behold how the case is,  
 Lest the errors of LEAR shake you off from your basis.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

Tell the errors of Lark make you off from your ways,  
 Go read classic lore, and behold how the case is,  
 And ponder in thought ere you wish to be great;  
 —Remember poor IVANHOE of Cambridge his fate,  
 And mark how the Roman gave shame or confusion,  
 That never was dandied with—the torment of feeling;  
 A man more noble than those Bacon deals in,  
 She pours out her plaints to a well-sculptured stone;  
 With a gesture of woe, and a high-gallop'd tone,  
 When LARKER and the fill the void of the room,  
 Thus DUTTON is fated to generate spleen,  
 The nymph lunges her quiver to a wall on the plain;  
 Be the Duttons part'd from a love that is cold and  
 By the pale beams of night on Babylon's plain;  
 'Tis said that when Lark first whistled his part pain

END OF THE SECOND PART.